FRONTISPIECE

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THE

HISTORY

OF

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Miſs Harriot Fairfax,

CONTAINING

I. The death of her parents, ſhe is left an orphan, taken home by an old maiden aunt, with an extraordinary account of that lady's croſſes in love, which is the reaſon ſhe deſpiſes mankind in general.

II. Harriot's beauty, how her aunt makes her behave at church, a gentleman falls in love with her at her window, makes propoſals to marry her, is refuſed by her aunt, &c.

III. Another family introduced, a particular friendſhip between Louiſa Beeſley and Harriot, a gentleman falls in love with her in the public walks.

IV. Mr. Beeſley intercedes for Mr. Townley, is refuſed by Miſs Blackbourn, which occaſions a great ſtorm, the intereſting hiſtory of Miſs Amelia Willis, the ſudden arrival of two Weſt Indians, who they are, and four hearts entangled in love's ſnare.

V. Franklin, a young merchant, introduced, parting ſcene between the four lovers, with that of Beeſley's parent, mutual promiſes to be eternally conſtant, &c.

VI. Franklin makes love to Harriot after the departure of her adored Charles, the death of Louiſa's mother, &c.

VII. Old Mr. Beeſley marries Miſs Blackbourn, Harriot is courted by a lord, but refuſes him on account of her love for young Beeſley, who is gone to the Weſt Indies.

VIII. A letter is forged to make Harriot believe her lover is dead, which puts the whole family in tears.

IX. The young lovers arrive at Barbadoes, get their friends conſent to return to England to marry the two young ladies, with ſome account of the beautiful Maria, they embark for England together, and arrive at Mr. Beeſley's, an apparition ſuppoſed, fainting, ſighing, but a deal of joy after ſorrow.

X. Maria is married to Lord L——, a duel, the two couple are married, preparations for leaving England, farther account of Amelia Willis, and Mr. Townley, who had followed him through moſt parts of Europe in diſguiſe.

XI. A parting between all friends, the lovers arrive ſafe at Barbadoes, every thing is ſettled to their minds, a happy concluſion.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

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Th.s Sabine

THE HISTORY OF Miſs Harriot Fairfax.

CHAP. I.

The Death of her Parents—A Maiden Aunt takes her Home—ſome Account of her Beauty, and the great Reſtraint ſhe is kept under.

AS the enſuing adventures are written by a woman, it is preſumed the candid reader will excuſe any deficiency in point of ſtyle; and there are ſome who would prefer truth, in her native ſimplicity, to the flowers of rhetoric.

To ſuch I appeal, and ſhall make no farther apology.

Harriot Fairfax was born in the metropolis. Her parents lived in a genteel line of life. Her mother was endowed with every virtue, and had the tendereſt affection for huſband and child.

Her father had hitherto returned it, and had made his family his felicity.

But getting acquainted with some gentlemen who were fond of gaming, he frequently spent his days abroad, and sometimes his nights.

This alteration in Mr. Fairfax gave great uneasiness to his wife. She often remonstrated to him in a calm and becoming manner, but it had no effect. He still went on, till, at last, he found himself greatly involved, and indeed, almost ruined.

His affairs being desperate, he took a desperate resolution, which was to shoot himself through the head. ——This he effected; and his wife, at first hearing the news, fell into fits, that held her incessantly three days. When she recovered her senses, her strength was so much exhausted that she could not rise up in her bed, or speak loud enough to be heard. The dreadful catastrophe occurred to her remembrance, and the violence of her grief put an end to her days.

Now was the poor little Harriot, through the imprudence of her father made an orphan.

O, ye frequenters of gaming tables! call Reason to your aid; stop your hand one moment, and reflect on what may be the consequence of setting the last you have in the world on a chance! ruin, perhaps, hangs over your head; destruction is under your feet; fly from them in time.

Mrs. Fairfax had a sister, a Miss Blackbourn. She was what some people would call an old maid, being thirty-eight years of age. She had been handsome in her youthful days, and might have been married at sixteen; but, through affectation, refused the young gentleman so often, that, at last, he took it in earnest, and married another.

From that time, and on that account, Miss Blackbourn conceived an aversion to all mankind.

In consequence of which she made the following dread-

dreadful reſolution—That ſhe would ſooner ſubmit to lead apes, than be under the dominion of one of them who are called the lords of the creation.

This may ſerve as a caution to ſome of her ſex, and prevent them from ſaying No when they mean Yes, for a man of ſenſe will not be trifled with.

Let every young perſon then know their own mind; and when a man offers himſelf with ſincerity, and they can approve of him, and think him agreeable, let them not make uſe of ſuch giddy tricks, but, with a becoming modeſty, accept his hand.

As many a one has repented out-ſtaying her market, and as her years have increaſed, her fear of being ſtigmatized with the appellation of old maid have deprived her of all pleaſure in ſociety, and ſoured her temper ſo much, as to make her hate all young people, and, through envy, has ſcandalized the character, and ſullied the virtues of the moſt amiable young ladies, and by that means has diſſolved a union between worthy parties, and made them unhappy for life.

CHAP. II.

Account of Harriot's *Behaviour at Church—a Gentleman falls in Love with her at her Window—makes Propoſals to marry her—is refuſed by her Aunt—with her Leſſon to* Harriot, *and the Reſolution ſhe made on it.*

HARRIOT was twelve years old, and a beautiful girl ſhe was. Her aunt took her home; and as ſhe had always been remarkably fond of her, and was likewiſe her godmother, ſhewed her great indulgence. Harriot paid the ſame duty to her as ſhe would have done to her mother.

Miſs Blackbourn found her niece very forward in her education, which ſhe took care to have compleatly finiſhed.

They

They lived very happily together till Harriot was near fifteen, when, finding her full grown, and of a charming and delicate form, Miſs Blackbourn begun to keep her under great reſtraint.

She watched every motion, chid her for every little livelineſs in her behaviour, though ever ſo innocent. In ſhort, poor Harriot could hardly put on a look to pleaſe her.

As Miſs Blackbourn was fearful of ſhewing her niece abroad in the world, the extent of her walks was to church, and gave her orders when there, never to lift her eyes off the ground, as ſhe told her it would be deemed boldneſs in her to look about her.

How different are moſt of our young ladies inſtructed —they go to church for nothing elſe.

Harriot's downcaſt looks prevented her from ſeeing the conqueſts her beauty made; but could they have ſeen ſome of the killing glances from her bright eyes, they would have been more captivated; but her conſtantly appearing in that manner, was looked upon as prudery, or elſe that ſhe was quite bigotted to religion, which was not what one gay ſpark could reliſh.

Miſs Blackbourn's penetrating eyes could eaſily diſcover the havock her niece's beauty would have made if ſhe had not taken that precaution, and prided herſelf much in it; ſhe was ſenſible, likewiſe, that the younger part of the congregation derided Harriot for her behaviour, but that gave her no concern.

The truth was, ſhe wanted her to live and die an old maid, like herſelf.

She never put any books into Harriot's hands, but what tended to religion; for a play, novel, or romance, would have put ſuch thoughts in her head, which ſhe was, at preſent, a ſtranger to.

But notwithſtanding this reſtraint, Harriot was naturally lively and full of ſpirits and fire. Her ideas and imaginations were not idle. She diverted herſelf by inventing many pretty faſhions, and improved herſelf in

writing

writing a fine hand. She employed herſelf in ſeveral curious pieces of needlework, &c. ſo that ſhe was not quite a mope, though her aunt would have had her one; and even in reading the bible ſhe found that her forefathers fell in love with women for their beauty, and after ſurveying herſelf in her glaſs, fancied ſome time or other ſhe might meet with ſuch a circumſtance, and ſhe wiſhed for ſuch an opportunity, for nature dictated to her heart that ſhe wanted a companion more ſuitable to her diſpoſition than her grave and mortified aunt.

One day as Harriot was looking out of the dining room window, a gentleman was paſſing on the other ſide of the ſtreet, who made a full ſtop to gaze at her; ſhe did not ſtay long at the window for ſhe was aſhamed. After a little time ſhe went to look if he was gone, and found he was.

She ſat down to work, every now and then putting her head out; at laſt ſhe eſpied him cloſe under the window, which made her bluſh, and more ſo when ſhe ſaw him lay his hand on his breaſt in a paſſionate manner, and heard him ſay, 'Angelic creature!'—ſhe ſhut down the window, and went and ſat at a diſtance, neither did ſhe go near it all the day.

Theſe were the firſt words any thing like love Harriot ever heard; her heart fluttered, not that ſhe found him any way agreeable to her, (though he was a fine young gentleman) or that ſhe wiſhed to ſee him again; but it ſurpriſed her a little, as ſhe had been kept ſo recluſe.

The next day ſhe ſaw him again, walking to and fro. This vexed Harriot, and made her reſolve not to look out of that window again.

Two days afterwards, as ſhe was ſitting with her aunt, ſomebody knocked at the door, and a ſervant informed Miſs Blackbourn that a gentleman deſired to ſpeak with her.

That lady gave orders for his admittance, and immediately ſent her niece out of the room.

The

The gentleman approached Miss Blackbourn, with a low bow, and after some little hesitation, informed her, he had waited on her to propose an alliance with her niece; he knew, he said, her parents were dead, and that Miss Harriot was under her care; as to fortune, he did not make that an object, but would make her mistress of all he was worth, with himself, and would, besides, settle something handsome on her for her own private use. 'All I beg of you, madam,' continued he, 'is your consent.'

Miss Blackbourn would hardly give him time to say so much; however, with the greatest severity in her countenance, she desired him to desist, for that Harriot was but a child, a mere infant; that as her mother was dead, she had promised to be a mother to her, and should take care she did not throw herself away on any man, as they were all false and selfish, and all their promises was for their own gratifications; so, telling the servant to open the door, in a very rude manner, desired him not to trouble her again. The gentleman was very much nettled, and said, as he left the room, 'I had heard your character, madam, and expected some little difficulty; but you carry things to such a height, it is preposterous. You want to doom that fine young creature to a recluse life, and sacrifice her to your resentment of our sex, because, through your own folly, you was disappointed.'

Miss Blackbourn was struck speechless at what this gentleman said. She knew it to be true, and was self-convicted.'

When she had recovered herself, she called Harriot, and enquired if any gentleman had spoke to her, by any means. Harriot trembled, and confessed all she knew. Her aunt commended her for her behaviour, and gave her a lesson, which she desired her to remember. It was, that if ever chance should throw one of the male sex in her way, to treat him with the greatest scorn and contempt, never to listen to what he said, by any means, for it would certainly be her ruin, for

for their whole deſire was to make women unhappy, and that ſhe was determined, by her kindly care and caution, not to have her added to the number.

Harriot thanked her aunt for her advice, but ſaid, 'Surely, madam, I can remember when my father and mother were happy.'

'Ah! my dear,' returned ſhe, 'don't let us revive that melancholy affair—You know your father, at laſt, was the occaſion of your mother's death.'

This laſt part of ſpeech had more effect on Harriot than all ſhe had ſaid before.

She was now fully convinced all men were alike, and reſolved to ſhun and deteſt them, and if ever ſhe ſhould happen to be accidentally in company with any, to behave with coyneſs and reſerve, and never give them an opportunity to mention love to her.

Whether Harriot will continue in the ſame opinion, or whether ſomething may not happen to alter it, the reader will be made acquainted with in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

Brings the Reader acquainted with a worthy Family——Friendſhip between Louiſa Beeſley *and* Harriot——*a Gentleman falls in Love with her in the public Walks, &c.*

AS Miſs Blackbourn's fortune enabled her to keep a good houſe and ſervants, and to live in a genteel line, ſhe could not avoid keeping ſome company, but ſhe choſe thoſe who were elderly and had experience in the world.

A Mr. and Mrs. Beeſley, who lived in the ſame ſtreet, were the moſt particular of her acquaintance. She could diſcourſe with any one on any topic but

love, and when that was not the theme was a tolerable companion.

Neither was ſhe fearful to let Harriot partake of ſuch ſociety; and that old gentleman and lady were very fond of her.

But now a new character muſt make her appearance, and an amiable one it was.

This was no other than the lovely Louiſa, daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Beefley, and was juſt come from boarding ſchool—ſhe was about ſixteen, the ſame age as Harriot.

The two young ladies commenced a friendſhip together, which laſted to the end of their lives.

Notwithſtanding proper care had been taken of her morals, yet ſhe had been permitted both to ſee and read life.

Louiſa was well ſtocked with plays, novels, and hiſtories, ſuch as tended to morality and inſtruction.—— Now was the time for Harriot to enlarge her mind and open her ideas. She grew exceſſive fond of reading, but without the knowledge of her aunt; and having given Louiſa her cue, ſhe always put on a reſerved look before Miſs Blackbourn, ſo that that lady thought in time, ſhe might bring her over, as well as Harriot, to her own opinion.

Harriot received new life with this new friend; they were inſeparable; but ſhe choſe to be as often as ſhe could at Louiſa's houſe, as they had then an opportunity to read together, for ſhe dare not, on any account, carry a book home with her.

The time was now come for Harriot to enjoy a little pleaſure; for her aunt thinking ſhe might ſafely truſt her with the ſteady Miſs Louiſa, let her frequently go to the walks round about the town, always telling them as they went out, not to encourage any men fellows to ſpeak to them.—— "No, no, madam," cries Louiſa, putting on a grave look, "the men ſhall get little by ſpeaking to me. I deſpiſe them too much to mind what they ſay, and I dare ſay

Miſs

Miſs Harriot is of the ſame mind.—'Oh, yes, Miſs,' replied ſhe, 'my aunt knows what my thoughts are of that miſchievous ſex.'

As ſoon as they got a few yards from the door, and ſaw it ſhut, they both burſt out a laughing.

Not that they intended any thing more than innocence, but to think what a dupe they made of the old lady.

By this cunning management, and always coming home ſafe, and with demure faces, which they uſed to practice as they drew near the houſe, and aſk one another if that would do, though they had been merry enough while they were out. They continued their walks whenever they pleaſed, which was during the ſummer ſeaſon, not but they had young fellows frequently buzzing in their ears ſome nonſenſe or other about their beauty; but they rattled them off, except one night, as ſome young fellow, dreſſed in black followed them, for ſome time, up and down the walks; at laſt he joined them on Harriot's ſide, and began to talk to her in a very polite manner, which ſhe returned, as he did not mention love; but if he had, ſhe was ſo well ſchooled now as not to affront a gentleman, if ſhe refuſed him; however, when he ſaw they were about to leave the walks, he earneſtly begged the favour to wait on them home; but Harriot abſolutely refuſed it, telling him that ſhe lived with a relation, who had ſuch an averſion to men, that ſhe would not ſuffer one, unleſs he was old, to come near the houſe.

The gentleman ſmiled at hearing this, and ſaid ſhe was an odd ſort of a lady. 'But,' ſays he, 'I ſuppoſe ſhe has her reaſons for it.'—'Oh, yes,' returned Louiſa, 'one of your falſe ſex deceived her.'—'And ſo,' ſays he, 'ſhe is, I ſuppoſe, now, an antiquated virgin.'—

'Yes,' replied Harriot, and they all joined in a laugh—for they could not help it.

What would have become of Miſs Blackbourn if ſhe could have been there inviſible, not only to ſee her two pupils talking ſo freely with a man, but to hear herſelf the ſubject of their ridicule.

The gentleman, after many compliments on the happineſs he had enjoyed in their company, begged he might have the pleaſure of ſeeing them there next evening.

They ſaid it was their intention to be there, whether he was or no, and the knowledge that he would have would hardly prevent their deſigns.

Eager to meet with the object that engroſſed his attention, and, indeed, touched his heart, he was there a full hour before they arrived, and met them as they entered the walks. They had a good deal of chat as they walked; and the company being retired from a little alcove, they ſat themſelves down to reſt. The gentleman, after tenderly gazing at Harriot ſome time, took her hand and preſſed it; but ſhe drew it away in anger, and, riſing to be gone, ſaid to Louiſa, 'Though I have been indiſcreet enough to converſe with this gentleman, I won't be uſed freely.'

He fell on his knees before Harriot, and begged pardon, ſaying it was involuntary, and would not offend her again.

Harriot was tender-hearted. She forgave him. But though he did not offer to touch the ſhrine of his goddeſs, he ventured to breathe forth his amorous tale of love.

Louiſa pitied him. Harriot did not ſpeak. He was the firſt lover ſhe had.

'My charming Harriot,' ſaid he, 'what muſt I do to obtain the conſent of your inexorable aunt, to pay my faithful vows to you? I flatter myſelf, my charming maid, you could have no objection to me if I had frequent opportunities of ſeeing you, and ſhewing, by my actions, the ſincerity of my paſſion.

'The ſentiments you have inſpired in me towards you are pure and honorable. Tell me, my lovely angel,

angel, which way ſhall I move your aunt, to permit my addreſſes?'

After ſome time Harriot ſpoke. She told him, he ſeemed in too much haſte to be in earneſt, that he was an entire ſtranger to her, and he could not expect that ſhe would uſe any endeavours to promote a further acquaintance, till ſhe knew ſomething more of him.

To this he replied, 'Dear Miſs, my name is Townley. I am in mourning for my father, who has lately paid the debt of nature. I am poſſeſſed of a plentiful eſtate, both in houſes and lands, and a large annual income beſides, and could keep you in a far more elevated ſphere than that you at preſent enjoy. When Louiſa heard this, not ſo much in pity to Mr. Townly as friendſhip for Harriot, (thinking how well ſhe might be ſettled in the world) ſhe propoſed for him to pay a viſit to her father, and get him to become a mediator between him and Miſs Blackbourn, as the families were on a very amicable footing.

Townley would have embraced Louiſa in his tranſport, but ſhe puſhed him back; ſo only juſt ſaluted the tips of her fingers.

He promiſed to wait on Mr. Beeſley the next day; and Harriot ſaying nothing to contradict it, (for ſhe gueſſed it would come to nothing) they parted for that night.

As the two young ladies gently walked home arm in arm, ſays Harriot, after a long pauſe, 'Dont you think, my dear, that a woman ought to have ſome love for a man ſhe marries?'—'Yes,' returned Louiſa, 'certainly.'—'Well, then,' ſays ſhe, 'I don't feel the leaſt regard for Mr. Townley.'—'But,' replies Louiſa, 'won't you have him if your aunt conſents?'—'Yes, replied ſhe, 'when things are gone ſo far I muſt. I will make him a good wife, but he muſt not expect to receive any tenderneſs from me.'—'Why,' continues Louiſa, 'I am ſure he will do every thing to pleaſe you, and, I dare ſay, will let you keep a coach. And the old proverb may be verified—Marry firſt; love

love will come after. There is very few reciprocal lovers joined. Interested views brings most couples to the altar.'

They got home in time; and Miss Blackbourn little suspecting what had passed, was in a very good humour. She made Louisa spend the evening with them, and seemed to approve of her conversation more than ever, as she had art enough to adapt her discourse to suit that lady's ideas of the perjured sex.

About ten o'clock Louisa took her leave, and Miss Blackbourn, after she had kissed her, and said, 'Good night, my dear,' called a servant to see her safe home, though it was but three or four doors; but there were schemers about, such designs put in practice, that a woman ought to look sharp about her.

It has often been said, After a storm cometh a calm, but here we must reverse it, and after this calm expect a storm.

But as it does not begin directly, shall finish this chapter, and in the next introduce a character that deserves pity, and will prove, indeed, that men are sometimes false.

CHAP. IV.

Mr. Beesley *intercedes for* Mr. Townley—*is refused by* Miss Blackbourn—*the threatned Storm*—Louisa *has an admirer—discards him—the interesting History of* Miss Amelia Willis.

THE next morning Mr. Townley, as soon as he thought it was convenient, waited on Mr. Beesley. That gentleman had formerly been acquainted with his father, and, after hearing his request, which he solicited in the most earnest manner, proposed to do all in his power to serve him. Mr. Townley was

to

to call again next day for his anſwer, and ſeemed to flatter his hopes in having ſo good a friend.

There are many people who will promiſe to do an act of friendſhip and never think any more about it—but Mr. Beeſley loſt no time. He paid Miſs Blackbourne a viſit about an hour after, and finding Harriot with her, gave her a ſignificant look, which ſhe plainly underſtood, and left the room. As ſhe knew what was going to be the ſubject, ſhe was a little agitated, fearing her aunt might conſent, at laſt, to oblige Mr. Beeſley, as they very ſeldom differed in their opinions.

But this was far from being the caſe. He had no ſooner explained the matter to her, which he did in the moſt advantageous manner, but, forgetting all friendſhip to him, ſhe threw herſelf in the moſt violent rage, uttered the bitterest invectives againſt all the ſex——ſtamped and tore about the room like a fury. Her voice was ſo loud and ſhrill, that Harriot heard her as ſhe ſat in the chamber—who, trembling, thought her turn would be next.

After the lady had vented her rage, and exhauſted her ſpirits, ſhe turned to Mr. Beeſley, rather in a cooler manner, who had ſtood all the while aghaſt—'I am ſorry, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'that you ſhould undertake ſuch an affair, when you have ſo often heard my reſolution on that head; I am ſorry, if I have ſaid any thing in my paſſion to offend you, as I always had a reſpect for you and your family; but Miſs Louiſa is highly to blame: as to Harriot, poſitively ſhe never ſhall be married, at leaſt, while I live, or till ſhe is twenty years older, when ſhe will know how to govern a man, and not let a man govern her.'

Mr. Beeſley then took his leave, and was glad to get away. When he got home, he told his wife of Miſs Blackbourn's behaviour. She laughed at it, and ſaid, 'Poor woman, what a pucker ſhe puts herſelf in about the men.'——'Aye,' ſays he, and yet ſhe is very

very good-natured in the main. But I am ſorry for the young fellow, he will be greatly diſappointed.'

Miſs Blackbourn had exerted herſelf ſo much, that ſhe began to feel the diſagreeable effects of it. Her throat being ſore and ſwelled, ſo that, when ſhe ſent for Harriot down, ſhe had no power to ſcold, which was a great mortification to her.

She began, however, in a low voice, to upbraid her for her miſconduct, telling her ſhe was a ruined creature. 'No, madam,' ſaid Harriot, 'I am not, neither have I done any harm.'—'How can that be?' returned the aunt—'have you not been ogling and coquetting about the town, with that ſly, artful baggage, Miſs Beeſley? Has ſhe not brought you acquainted with the fellows? Won't you have a fine character, do you think? I am ſure you deſerved it. Oh! I ſhall be finely peſtered, now they have once got ſcent of you.—And yet,' continued ſhe, ſtriving to raiſe her voice, 'you could appear before me with ſuch demure faces! Oh, Harriot! you have ill repaid my care and tenderneſs.'

Harriot deſired her aunt not to hurt herſelf by overſtraining, told her that ſhe had not the leaſt regard for Mr. Townley; that he was quite diſagreeable to her; that both ſhe and Louiſa had ſent him to Mr. Beeſley on purpoſe, knowing what anſwer ſhe would give him; that he would not have taken an anſwer from her ſo ſoon, therefore ſhe did it on purpoſe to get rid of his importunities; that ſhe never allowed him any liberties, or gave him any hopes. 'And I declare, madam,' continued ſhe, 'if you had given your conſent, I ſhould have been miſerable.'

Theſe words ſeemed to abate Miſs Blackbourn's reſentment. She ſaid no more at that time, and the affair wore off by degrees; not but what Harriot had frequent lectures by way of admonition.

Next day, as ſhe was ſtanding by the parlour window, Mr. Beeſley came by, and, making a ſign that he wanted to ſpeak to her, ſhe lifted up the ſaſh. He ſaw

ſaw ſhe was alone. He told her that Mr. Townley was like one diſtracted; that he begged of him to tell her, if ſhe would accept of his hand unknow to her aunt, he would contrive a method to take her away privately, and when they were married, ſhe need not fear her diſpleaſure, for he would put her into ſuch a ſituation, as to be entirely out of her power, or any one elſe.

Harriot deſired Mr. Beeſley to inform him, he had received his final anſwer, for ſhe never would have any thing more to ſay to him, that, as her aunt had been her kind friend, ſhe would not be guilty of ingratitude; beſides, 'You may aſſure him,' ſays ſhe, with truth, 'that I have not the leaſt inclination for him, but wiſh to remain as I am.'

Mr. Beeſley ſaid he would tell him. 'But I am ſorry for you, poor little Harriot,' ſaid he. 'As to my girl, ſhe has got a lover with her now, a very clever gentleman. He aſked my conſent to court her, and I gave him leave: ſo they may do as they like.' Harriot ſmiled, and ſhut down the window ſoftly; for ſhe heard her aunt coming.

As ſhe began to be in a little better humour, Harriot was afraid to do any thing to diſoblige her, yet ſhe longed to go to Louiſa to hear what ſhe ſaid about her new lover. However, after dinner ſhe plucked up courage, and aſked her aunt leave to go to Miſs Beeſley's, for a pattern ſhe wanted to work from. Her aunt told her ſhe might go, but bid her not ſtay.

They embraced as ſoon as they met, and Louiſa wiſhed her joy of getting rid of her lover. Harriot ſaid, ſhe come on purpoſe to know what ſhe intended to do with hers. 'Oh! nothing at all, my dear,' ſays ſhe. 'I have given him his diſmiſſion already. The man would not do for me by any means, though he offered very handſome, both to my father and me. But you know what you ſaid. A woman ought to have a little bit of love for the man ſhe marries; beſides,

we are both of an age, and young enough to wait till the right comes, and then, in defiance of aunts, giants, and enchantments, we muſt have our fate.'

'Well, good bye,' cries Harriot; 'I had orders not to ſtay.' She run down ſtairs, and paſſing by the parlour, who ſhould be there, but Mr. Townley. He ſaw her, and ruſhing out of the room, threw himſelf at her feet, and began to implore her pity; but without giving him any anſwer, ſhe darted from him as quick as lighteneng. Miſs Blackbourn had watched her from her window. She ſaw her go in and come out; but ſhe ſaw, likewiſe, Mr. Townley join, and was going to ſend for Harriot.

As ſoon as ſhe came in, ſhe aſked her who that fine gentleman was.

Harriot had preſence of mind to give it a good turn. She told her aunt Miſs Louiſa had an offer of marriage, and the gentleman waited on her by her father's conſent.

'Surely,' ſay the aunt, 'and will ſhe be fooliſh enough to marry.' Harriot told her, 'No,' ſhe was determined to refuſe him, for ſhe thought ſhe was too young, ſo would take your advice, and ſtay till ſhe is twenty years older.

'Well,' replied Miſs Blackbourn, 'that is very pretty of Miſs Beeſley indeed. Why don't ſhe come and ſee us as ſhe uſed to do?'—'Becauſe ſhe thinks you are angry with her, madam.'—'I angry. No; upon my word I am not. I ſhall be very glad to ſee her. Pray tell her ſo.'

While they were talking, a ſervant entered, to inform them, that a ſtrange young lady, in a chair, with the curtains drawn, deſired to ſpeak with Miſs Harriot Fairfax.

The ladies wondered who it could be; and Miſs Blackbourn, being jealous of ſome ſcheme, deſired the lady might be ſhewn in that room, that ſhe, by being preſent, might underſtand the buſineſs ſhe came about.

The

The young lady entered. She was dreſſed in a genteel, but not elegant, manner. She did not appear a perfect beauty, yet had ſomething in her that was pretty and engaging. After the firſt compliments were paſt, and they were ſeated, Harriot begged the favour to know the reaſon of her honouring her with a viſit.

'I don't wonder at your ſurpriſe, Miſs,' replied ſhe; 'but if you will be kind enough to give me your attention, I will explain the cauſe of my taking ſuch a liberty.'

'My name is Amelia Willis. My father was an oppulent merchant; but having repeated loſſes in ſeveral ventures, at ſea, became very much reduced: the afflictions he endured in his mind effected his health: but not to trouble you with particulars, it is ſufficient to ſay, he has been dead two years.'

'My mother and I live together on her jointure, which is only two hundreds a year; but though we can't live as we uſed to do in affluence, yet we are contented with our lot, and my tender parent endeavours to ſave ſomething out of that trifle, to ſettle me in the world. But as all this is only introductory to the main point, I only mention theſe things, as I think it neceſſary to give ſome account of myſelf.'

'I was juſt fifteen when my father died; and being invited, one day, to an entertainment, at a lady's of my mother's acquaintance, there happened to be, among the reſt of the company, a very handſome young gentleman. He was very particular in his reſpects to me, and from that day commenced my admirer. He has loved me with the tendereſt affection theſe two years, and I, ſimple girl, have returned it; for I fear, to my grief, I ſhall have reaſon to repent it.'

'The only objection to our being united, was, his father, who, being a worldly man, would never have conſented. He has bound himſelf, by the moſt ſacred oaths, to marry me, and many times has preſſed me

to grant him a huſband's right, as he looked upon me as his wife; but though I doated on him, I had reſolution to deny him, telling him, as I had no fortune, whenever he married me my virtue ſhould be my dowry.'

'Old Mr. Townley has now been dead a month.'—'Mr. Townley,' interrupted Harriot.—'Yes, Miſs,' ſays ſhe, 'Your Mr. Townley now; but I beg you will permit me to finiſh.'

'I did not expect much of his company at ſuch a time; but he has never been at our houſe ſince. I made ſome enquiry of a friend of his, who knows all his affairs, and was informed he was going to be married to Miſs Harriot Fairfax, a beautiful young lady, with a large fortune.'

'I thought I ſhould have died at hearing the dreadful news. My mother could hardly keep life in me. She held her ſalts to my noſe, and wept over me all the time, for it was a great diſappointment to her, as ſhe thought her child was going to live in ſplendour once more, as he was now exceeding rich. Yeſterday, being a little recovered, I walked out of doors, thinking to go to his houſe and aſk for him, but met him, accidentally, in the ſtreet. I ſtopped him; but he would not ſtay a minute, and ſeemed in great agitation. He deſired me to think no more of him, for he never ſhould fulfil his promiſe to me, as he was going to leave the kingdom, perhaps, for ever. He left me ſpeechleſs, and, with great difficulty, I got home to my mother, and related to her this new cauſe of my grief. My mother would not believe it. She ſaid it was only an excuſe to get rid of me, and ſhe ſaw plainly now, he was going to be married. However, ſhe adviſed me to wait on you, miſs, and acquaint you with his pre-engagement to me; and, ſays ſhe, 'if the young lady is endowed with ſenſibility, ſhe will be touched at the tender tale, from one of her own ſex and age, and if ſhe is not very much in love with him, will put off the match.'

'Now,

'Now, dear miſs, I have related all I had to ſay, and have only to beg your pardon for any thing amiſs; and I muſt add this, that ſince I have beheld your ſuperior charms, I almoſt acquit Mr. Townley of his infidelity.'

Harriot, with tears in her eyes, took Amelia by the hand. 'I am ſorry, my dear,' ſays ſhe, 'that I ſhould be the innocent cauſe of your unhappineſs; however amiable you may think Mr. Townley, I do aſſure you, I never had the leaſt regard for him; our acquaintance was ſhort and caſual, and that lady, my aunt, has given him a poſitive denial, ſo that, I dare ſay, he will never come near this houſe again; therefore, pray look no longer on me as your rival, but a friend, who wiſhes you well.'

Miſs Willis returned Harriot many thanks for her kindneſs, told her ſhe had made her quite eaſy and happy, and ſaid ſhe would go and acquaint her mother of the joyful tidings, 'And,' ſays ſhe, 'perhaps I ſhall find him there; who knows, but, being diſappointed in you, miſs, he may return to his poor Amelia again.'

So ſaying, ſhe roſe up to be gone, with a tender tear ſtealing from each eye.

Harriot deſired her to compoſe herſelf, and if he ſhould leave the kingdom, to endeavour to forget him. 'Ah! miſs,' ſaid ſhe, throwing herſelf in the chair again, 'that thought is a dagger in my heart. I flattered myſelf I had overcome all my difficulties, hearing you had refuſed him; but if he goes abroad, I am undone for ever; if he continued here, he might, in time, forgot you, and come back to me again; but if he leaves the kingdom, there is nothing but ruin for me. Farewell, miſs,' ſays ſhe, and retired, with a countenance expreſſive of the moſt lively feelings.

During the time Miſs Willis was there, Miſs Blackbourn had not uttered a ſyllable, ſometimes ſhe ſtarted from her chair, and walked up and down the room till ſhe ſweat; then ſhe ſat down and tore paper into

a thouſand

a thouſand bits, and ſcattered them about the floor; that if Amelia had not been entirely taken up with her own affairs, ſhe muſt have thought her diſtracted. As ſoon as that young lady was gone, ſhe began, 'Aye, aye, there's for you, there's your fine Mr. Townley. What do you think now? Are they not all alike? Monſters,' ſays ſhe, ſtamping her foot.—'Indeed,' ſays Harriot, 'I could never have thought it of Mr. Townley.'—'Oh, no, to be ſure,' ſays ſhe, 'and why not. Pray, do you expect to ſee their falſehood written in their foreheads? I tell you, Harriot, it was juſt ſuch another as Mr. Townley that ſerved me ſo baſely. Had I not reaſon to hate the ſex? I had; and ſo will that fooliſh fond girl ſoon.' Harriot aſked if ſhe might go and tell Louiſa about it. Yes, ſaid ſhe, 'and bring her home with you, if you can, that we may have a little diſcourſe on the ſubject.'

And here we ſhall put an end to this chapter, as we muſt prepare to recieve ſome company from a very hot climate.

CHAP. V.

The narrow Eſcape of Tom Jones—*the ſudden Arrival of two Weſt-Indians—four Hearts entangled in Love's Snares, &c.*

MR. Beeſley's family and Miſs Blackbourn were now as intimate as ever, and as winter began to come on, they ſpent their evenings either at one's houſe or the other's. Mr. Beeſley and Miſs Blackbourn were fond of playing at cards, and the young ladies uſed to ſit and work the while.

Louiſa, not having books enough of her own, had ſubſcribed to a library. She had juſt got Tom Jones, and Harriot and ſhe had almoſt got through one volume,

lume, but was obliged to go home before it was finiſhed. She begged Louiſa to let her take it in her pocket, when ſhe might, perhaps, find ſome opportunity to read it out. After dinner, her aunt going up ſtairs, Harriot took out her book, and enjoyed herſelf about half an hour, but being ſo intent on the ſubject, never heard her aunt till ſhe was cloſe to the door. She was all in a flurry, and had not time to put it in her pocket again, but crammed it into her work baſket, and covered it over in a moment.

In the evening when they were all met, and a game of cards was going forwards, Louiſa and Harriot ſat at the ſame table, at work; Harriot happening to take ſomething haſtily out of her work baſket, uncovered the book.

'Hey, day,' cries Miſs Blackbourn, 'what have we here?' and out ſhe lugs poor Tom Jones, by the head and ſhoulders. She caſt her eye upon the title page, and ſaw what it was. 'A very pretty book indeed, for young ladies,' ſays ſhe. 'I think the fellow deſerved to be hanged, inſtead of being rewarded, by marrying Sophia, after he had worn out his conſtitution, by keeping company with all the common women in town.' So ſaying, ſhe threw it into the fire. Mr. Beeſley who ſat on the other ſide, ſnatched it out, without much damage, and gave it to Louiſa, who put it in her pocket.

Mrs. Beeſley was highly diverted with the ſcene, to ſee the book fly into the fire, and her huſband running his fingers into the flames. The two girls ſtarting up, and crying out, 'Oh, Lord!' She laughed Miſs Blackbourn out of all ſhe had to ſay, and it paſſed off very well, after Louiſa had promiſed not to lend Harriot any more.

A day or two after, Miſs Blackbourn and her niece, went to drink tea with Mrs. Beeſley.

They were juſt going to begin, when two gentlemen entered the room, one of whom advanced to Mr. Beeſley,

Beesley, and putting one knee to the ground, said, 'Once more, sir, receive and bless your son.'

Mr. Beesley, with great surprise and joy, raised him up and embraced him, saying, 'Welcome, my dear boy Charles.'

Mrs. Beesley almost overset the table, in eagerness to reach him. She threw her arms round his neck, and almost smothered him with kisses, crying out, 'My child, my child!' then turning to Miss Blackbourn, 'This, madam,' says she, 'is the son you have so often heard me mention, and he has been the cause of much grief to me: we let him go to live with his uncle, at Barbadoes, when he was but twelve years old, and now he is nineteen, so that I have lost him for seven years.'

Young Mr. Beesley then presented his companion to his parents, telling them his name was Thompson; that he was the only son to a rich planter, near his uncle; they had been brought up together, and loved each other like brothers. 'My uncle,' continued he, 'after many solicitations, at last, gave me leave to come and see you, but, with orders not to stay above three or four months, and my friend, not being willing to part with me so long, and being desirous of seeing England, obtained his father's consent to accompany me. Now, dear father and mother,' says he, 'happy as I should be to remain with you, yet I must not disoblige my uncle, by staying longer than the limited time, as he cannot possibly do without me, as I am overseer of his plantations, keeper of his books, and every thing.'

Aye,' replied Mr. Beesley, 'and his heir too, Charles'—'Oh, yes, sir, that has been settled a long while.' They then expressed a deal of kindness for Mr. Thompson, and Mrs. Beesley said, 'Charley, there is your sister Louisa.' They both rose up, and he embraced her very tenderly, saying, it was a great pride to him to have a sister so full grown, and charming. 'I dare say you don't remember her,' says his mother,—

mother.—'Oh, yes, madam, I do,' ſaid he, 'ſhe was but two years younger than me, and was a fine girl when I went away, and I have often thought of her.' He then looked earneſtly on Harriot, and ſaid—'Is this young lady a relation.—'No, ſon,' replied Mrs. Beeſley, 'theſe ladies are neighbours, who ſometimes, favour us with their company.'

Charles bowed to them in the moſt reſpectful manner.

After tea, Miſs Blackbourn, thinking they might converſe together more freely without company, took her leave, and went home with Harriot.

Oh, ye inſenſible ones, whoſe hearts never felt the pleaſing or painful emotions love creates! Do not triumph in ſecurity; for poor Harriot, inſenſible as ſhe was, and thought ſhe ſhould always remain ſo, was taken by ſurpriſe. Never was ſuch havoc made in a virgin's heart in ſo ſhort a time.

Her aunt ſeeing her look pale enquired what ailed her. She complained of a pain in her head, and begged ſhe might go to bed. Happy it was ſhe lay by herſelf.

But ſleep was not what ſhe wanted. Her eyes and ideas were open to the charming object that had captivated her ſoul. The lovely youth was preſent to her imagination. Every look and every action appeared before her juſt as ſhe had ſeen him.

Harriot paſſed the whole night without cloſing her eyes; and early on the morning Louiſa ran up to her chamber——'Harriot, ſaid ſhe, 'my dear, I am come to aſk you what you think of our two young Weſt Indians?'—

'Think of them!' repeated Harriot.—'Aye, my dear; don't you think Mr. Thompſon a very agreeable young fellow?'—'Yes, my dear,' ſays Harriot—'he certainly is very agreeable; but your brother Charles is a godlike youth.'—'Oh! is he ſo?' replies Louiſa. 'I am glad to hear that; for, to tell you the

truth, I have not slept a wink, for fear your little heart should be touched for Thompson.'

'Oh, no,' cries Harriot, 'if your's is touched for him, heaven send he may return it, and you may be happy; but as to me, vain are all hopes of happiness. Your brother may have left a love behind him, and all I can expect from him will be disdain; but if that is not the case, my aunt is an eternal obstacle.'

'Well, have a good heart, my dear girl, for if they are allotted for us by fate, they are sent here on purpose, and we shall certainly have them; and I can tell you one thing for your comfort——I do believe Charles is in love with you; for after you was gone, he asked a thousand questions about you. But I must go,' says she; 'forgive me, Harriot, I only came to ease my mind.'

The pleasing reflection that Charles might possibly love her, soothed Harriot, that she fell into a soft slumber.

The morning was pretty far advanced when she waked on her aunt's coming into the room. She had been before, but finding her asleep, would not awake her.

'Well, Harriot,' said she, 'how do you find yourself? Are you able to get up and dress to go abroad?'—'Where, madam?' asked Harriot.—'Why,' replied her aunt, 'Mrs. Beesley has sent compliments in form to invite us to an entertainment she is going to make on account of her son.'—

Harriot, starting up, cried out eagerly, 'Oh, yes, madam, I am very well.'

It is wonderful Miss Blackbourn did not take notice of her agitation: but she did not.

Harriot dressed herself in a fashionable and becoming manner, and the thoughts of her going to be blessed so many hours in the company of her soul's delight, threw a virmillion blush on her cheeks, and fire in her eyes; in short, she looked like an angel.

Young

Young Beeſley received them, and ſaluted them as he handed them into the dining room. Harriot thought he preſſed her hand, and her heart throbbed with pleaſure—he did ſo, and felt more lively ſenſations by the tender touch than even Harriot.

Charles, being elated at having the dear object ſo near him that had fired his heart from the firſt moment he beheld her, ſaid many tender things to her, that paſſed unnoticed by her aunt, as ſhe was talking to Mrs. Beeſley; but Louiſa began to be alarmed, and taking her brother aſide, gave him Miſs Blackbourn's character.

This deterred our young lover from making any more amorous ſpeeches to Harriot. He turned all his reſpects towards her aunt, and was ſo aſſiduous to pleaſe her, that any one would have thought he was in love with her—ſhe was quite charmed with him.

But poor Harriot, not knowing what Louiſa had been telling him, felt the greateſt anxiety at his ſudden alteration. He ſcarce ever looked at her, or if he did, it was with the greateſt indifference. She was ready to faint, and wiſhed her aunt would go home, that ſhe might eaſe herſelf by tears; but after ſhe had ſuffered ſome hours, Louiſa took notice ſhe looked uneaſy, and drawing her towards the window, told her, in whiſpers, the reaſon of her brother's behaviour. Charles came to them, as if going to ſpeak to his ſiſter, and ſaid, in a low melting accent, 'My charming Harriot, forgive my ſeeming neglect of you—it wounds me to the ſoul.'

He dare not ſay any more, or ſtay with them, but returned to his ſeat, by Miſs Blackbourn, and entered into diſcourſe with her.

Harriot was now eaſy—ſhe was not only ſatisfied in regard to his behaviour, but was convinced, by the energy in which he ſpoke to her, that he loved her with ardour.

The reſt of the day and evening paſt in the moſt agreeable manner, and Miſs Blackbourn, on taking

leave, invited them all to her houſe the next day. They promiſed to come, and young Beeſley, bowing low to her, ſaid he thought himſelf highly honoured in being noticed by a lady of her merit and qualifications.

When they got home, Miſs Blackbourn run over in his praiſes, ſaying, ſhe never met with ſuch a well behaved young fellow in her life, and ſhe would make hime one exception to the ſex, as ſhe did really believe he was, as yet. untainted with their vices.

Harriot was happy to have an opportunity to ſlide in a word now and then in his favour, without offending her aunt, who had not the leaſt ſuſpicion Charles had ſtole her neice's heart.

Harriot did not enjoy much more reſt than ſhe did the preceeding night. Her mind was toſſed with various doubts, hopes, and fears. However, ſhe aroſe in the morning, and aſſiſted her aunt in preparing for their gueſts, who came according to their appointment.—Both Harriot and Charles were happy this day, in the frequent opportunities they had of converſing together, her aunt being out of the room. He made the moſt of his time, and laid open his whole heart before her—his language was ſo ſoft, tender, and delicate, that Harriot drank the delicious poiſon; her eyes, at the ſame time, aſſuring him he had made the ſame impreſſion on her heart. No one heard what they ſaid. They talked in murmuring accents as they ſtood at one of the dining room windows.

Young Thompſon and Louiſa were engaged in ſimilar diſcourſe; but they were under no reſtraint, as they might enjoy each others company whenever they pleaſed and had made a great progreſs in their loves, for ſo ſhort a time.

Young Thompſon was ſtruck with Louiſa when ſhe was preſented to Charles as his ſiſter, and as he always loved him as a brother, wiſhed to make himſelf ſo by marrying his ſiſter. At dinner he happened to ſit next Louiſa, and was very aſſiduous in helping her, which made old Mrs. Beeſley laugh, and ſay to Charles——

"Why,

'Why, I believe Mr. Thompſon will be your brother in earneſt.'—'I know but one way, madam,' returned Mr. Thompſon, 'that can entitle me to that happineſs.' At the ſame time looking at Louiſa, who bluſhed, and turned her head on one ſide—not but that ſhe wiſhed it might be ſo, and had as good as confeſſed her love to him; but ſhe was daſhed, as it was before company, eſpecially Miſs Blackbourn, expecting ſome ſarcaſm from her.

However, that lady took no notice, whatever ſhe thought; perhaps ſhe did not care to put herſelf out of humour while ſhe entertained her friends; or, perhaps, as ſhe began to have a favourable opinion of Charles, ſhe did not like to affront him, by ſpeaking againſt his ſex.

The evening paſſed in great mirth and good humour. Each of the young gentlemen favoured them with a ſong; after which Miſs Blackbourn deſired harriot to ſing a favourite air which ſhe was very fond of.

Harriot declined it ſome time—but being preſſed very much, ſhe complied, and Miſs Louiſa played to her on the harpſichord.

Her voice was fine and melodious, and ſeemed to thrill the very ſoul of Charles. He did not want this addition of her perfections to rivet his chains. They were faſt enough linked before. Every one expreſſed their admiration, and he in a general way, like the reſt, though he trembled with extacy.

It now grew late, and time to ſeparate, which they did for that night, promiſing to meet often. But it is time to finiſh this chapter, and ſee how we ſhall go in the next.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Brings Mr. Franklin, *a young Merchant, acquainted*—Harriot *ſees what ſhe never did before—parting Scene between four Lovers*—Mrs. Beeſley's *tender Farewell to her Son* Charles.

CHARLES BEESLEY had received orders from his uncle, to execute ſome buſineſs with a Mr. Franklin, a merc ant in the city. This gentleman had a ſon, a very gay young ſpark—a friendſhip ſoon commenced between him, young Beeſley, and Mr. Thompſon.

Mr. Franklin would have initiated them into the ways of the town, amongſt a ſet of frolickſome young blades, but they declined it, finding more pleaſure in being with the girls they loved; but as they would not offend him, Charles gave him a ſtrong invitation to his father's houſe, acquainting how many years he had been from home, and ſaid he wiſhed to be with his father and mother as much as he could, as his time was but ſhort. This excuſe paſſed very well, and Mr. Franklin frequently gave them his company.

Here it was he firſt ſaw Harriot, and he no ſooner ſaw her than he loved her; but he found there was but little hopes for him as her attachment to Charles, and his tender regard for her, was viſible to every one but Miſs Blackbourn.

Their courtſhip was carried on at Mr. Beeſley's, where they ſpent many happy hours in company with Louiſa and Mr. Thompſon; but when they all met at Miſs Blackbourn's Charles never ſpoke to Harriot any otherwiſe than in common diſcourſe.

However, he was ſo fully ſatisfied of his dear Harriot's love, (for ſhe had confeſſed it to him) that he would have been compleatly happy, if there had not been

been that terrible obſtacle to get over—her aunt's conſent.

As to his father, he had owned his paſſion to him, and got his conſent very readily, as he told him he always loved Harriot as if ſhe had been his own child; 'But,' ſaid he, 'ſon, there is another's conſent to be aſked, more material than mine—I mean your uncle's.' —'Oh, dear, ſir!' replied Charles, 'I am pretty ſure of that; for my uncle never denied me any thing yet, and I dare ſay, will not, when I ſhall tell him my happineſs or miſery depends on it.'

Mr. Franklin being there one day, propoſed their taking ſome innocent pleaſure that the ladies might have a ſhare in—he mentioned the play.

They all agreed to it immediately, provided Miſs Blackbourn would agree. Charles ſaid he would endeavour to bring her to a compliance. Accordingly he went to her, and told her what had been propoſed, and that his father and mother would go if ſhe would. He begged he might have the honour to wait on her.—Miſs Blackbourn ſeemed averſe at firſt, and ſaid ſhe did not approve of plays. However, ſhe at laſt conſented, and away they all went.

They were ſo highly pleaſed with their entertainment, that, during the time the young gentlemen ſtayed, whenever there was a good play acted, they went.

Miſs Blackbourn owned ſhe was made a convert; for ſhe found there was a morality to be learned from ſome of them.

Young Beeſley was exceſſive fond of plays; Harriot had been of reading of them, but had always been reſtrained from ſeeing them performed. On that account they put up with the mortification they felt, Charles in ſeeing young Franklin hand his dear Harriot and diſcourſe with her, and ſhe in ſeeing Charles ſquire her old aunt.

As to Louiſa and Mr. Thompſon, they enjoyed all the felicity imaginable. Nothing was wanting but his father's conſent to unite them for ever. The

The time began to draw near when a cruel ſeparation was to take place; but before it came Charles employed an eminent artiſt to draw Harriot's picture in miniature. When it was done he kiſſed it, and put it in his boſom, next his heart, ſaying—'All the comfort I ſhall have till I ſee the original again will be to look at and talk to this; and though it cannot anſwer me again, it will ſmile on me.'

Mr. Thompſon requeſted Louiſa to ſit for hers; and when that was finiſhed the ladies begged they might have theirs.

They were done accordingly; and Louiſa carried hers in a little box in her pocket; but Harriot being fearful of hers being ſeen, put it cloſe down her boſom out of ſight.

They had but three days longer to ſtay; two of them were ſpent in a farewell feſtival at the two houſes.

The third arrived. Several hours our four lovers employed in mutual promiſes and endearments; and as ſoon as they had got the uncle's and father's conſent, they were to come back and fulfil their vows.

After this they went to Miſs Blackbourn, who took a very kind leave of them, wiſhing them a good voyage, and ſaid, ſhe ſhould be very glad to ſee them in England again; but little ſuſpecting, if they did come again, what it would be for.

Harriot, after another tender embrace, tore herſelf from the arms of Charles. She went home, and retired to her chamber as ſoon as ſhe could, where ſhe threw herſelf on the bed, and ſhed a torrent of tears. She felt ſomething like a foreboding that it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould ever be happy with her lover.

The parting between Charles and his mother was very affecting. She held him a long time in her arms, and, weeping, ſaid—'Heaven only knows, my dear ſon, whether I ſhall ever ſee you again.' May my bleſſing go with you, and preſerve you from all danger. May you be happy in every wiſh of your heart. May you

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have health and prosperity in this world, and eternal happiness in the next.' He then left them, and she followed him with her eyes as long as she could see him, and when he was out of sight, went in and sat herself down in an easy chair, where Mr. Beesley and Louisa could hardly keep her from fainting.

After she had recovered a little they advised her to go and sit with Miss Blackbourn. They all went—Harriot was just come down, and had endeavoured to compose herself as well as she could.

But such a set of melancholy faces were never seen together before—even Miss Blackbourn observed how dead and dull every thing appeared now those two engaging young fellows were gone.

Harriot, with great difficulty, stifled a sigh, but could not repel the pang she felt at her heart.

Mrs. Beesley complained of being ill, and said she could be no companion, therefore they soon went home, and Harriot and her aunt retired to their chambers, where we will leave them all to rest till the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Mr. Franklin *continues his Addresses to* Harriot—*the Death of* Mrs. Beesley—*Marriage of* Mr. Beesley *and* Miss Blackbourn—Harriot *has the Offer of a Title, but refuses it through Love to* Charles.

AS a man who is over head and ears in a deep water, would catch at a rush or twig to keep him from sinking, so Mr. Frankling, being over head and ears in love with Harriot, and well knowing he could not wait upon her at her aunt's, as a lover, cunningly kept up his acquaintance with Mr. Beesley,

as the only means of seeing her, and though his visits were rather more frequent than when the young gentlemen were there, he always met with a kind and hearty reception on account of his being a friend to Charles.

He now began to persecute Harriot with his passion, and did all he could to circumvent young Beesley; but her love for him was too deeply rooted in her breast, and Franklin became hateful to her; though all the pleasure Harriot enjoyed in the absence of Charles, was to be with Louisa as much as she could, and talk over their loves together; yet she often refrained from going that she might not be teased with his odious addresses.

But our enamorato was soon obliged to contain himself in silence, for Miss Blackbourn was often there to keep poor Mrs. Beesley company, whose health began to decline very fast; she had seldom been well long together, for several years past, and the joy she felt at the sudden sight of her son, with the grief she felt at his leaving her again, was too much for her weak spirits—she grew worse every day, and kept to her chamber, and shortly after to her bed.

Mr. Beesley and Louisa were very much alarmed at her illness; and Miss Blackbourn and Harriot hardly ever left her.

As she had been so long ailing, and they found it was impossible she could recover, they endeavoured to meet the stroke of fate with resignation. She lingered about three months after her son's departure, and, a few hours before her death, took a tender leave of her husband and daughter, and likewise of Miss Blackbourn and Harriot; she then put up a fervent prayer for blessings on her beloved Charles, and expired with the greatest composure.

Mr. Beesley and his daughter were greatly shocked, and gave way to their grief, notwithstanding they had so long expected it; but the friendly share which Miss Blackbourn and the tender Harriot partook with them was

was a great conſolation; and when they began to reflect ſeriouſly on the pain ſhe had ſo long endured, it was rather a happineſs that ſhe was releaſed.

When the funeral was over, at which Harriot and her aunt attended, they put themſelves in deep mourning, which was looked upon by Mr Beeſley as ſhewing great reſpect to the memory of his wife.

As ſoon as he grew a little compoſed, he wrote a letter to his ſon, acquainting him with the melancholy news of his mother's death, though he knew it would grieve him, yet it was proper he ſhould know, and he thought, by then it reached Barbadoes Charles would be arrived there.

Mr. Franklin ingratiated himſelf very much in Mr. Beeſley's favour by his ſolicitude to divert him. He ſat with him ſeveral hours in a day, to keep him company, and converſed with him on many ſubjects that pleaſed him; for he certainly was a young man of good ſenſe.

Mr. Beeſley's home was no longer agreeable to him; for though he did not grieve much, yet it put diſagreeable thoughts into his head which he wanted to forget.

For this reaſon he and Louiſa were generally at Miſs Blackbourn's; that lady always received them with kindneſs; and Louiſa and Harriot were more like ſiſters than ever.

Mr. Franklin too got ſo far the blind ſide of Miſs Blackbourn, that ſhe often ſaid he enlivened the company, for he conſtantly brought them all the news that tranſpired; and as he artfully concealed his paſſion for her neice, ſhe thought, ſo long as he behaved well, and was a friend to Charles Beeſley, ſhe might let him come ſometimes to divert them, eſpecially as he was not an entire ſtranger to her, as ſhe had been in his company many times, and likewiſe at the play with him.

Thus they went on for about nine months; at the end of that time Mr. Beeſley took an opportunity,

one night, when he was alone with Miſs Blackbourn, to propoſe an alliance between her and himſelf.

He ſaid they had been a good while acquainted, that ſhe had always expreſſed a regard for him, and all that belonged to him; that ſhe was ſenſible he had a very great regard for her; and he had, even in his wife's time, always thought her agreeable: and he thought it would be much better to unite themſelves together, and partake of mutual happineſs, than to remain as they were, and he be deemed only a viſitor. He begged ſhe would not take much time to conſider of it, as they were not a boy and girl, that required a great deal of courtſhip, for that he was very unſettled at preſent, and did not care how ſoon it was.

Miſs Blackbourn heard him with much ſurprize, but as what he ſaid was far from being diſagreeable to her, ſhe, in leſs than two minutes, gave him an anſwer in the affirmative, for ſhe recollected, with horror, how ſhe had dallied with her firſt offer, and was determined now to take time by the fore-lock.

Mr. Beeſley was very much pleaſed, and thanked her for her ready compliance.

He ſaluted her and they joined hands. They agreed to have the marriage ſolemnized when the year of mourning was expired, as the preparations for it would take up moſt of that time, as they intended to have it public, and every thing in order.

The two young ladies were ſoon made acquainted with it, and they did not know whether they ought to be glad or ſorry. However, they thought it beſt to appear pleaſed.

Every thing went forward with the greateſt expedition, and a new coach was made on the occaſion.

Miſs Blackbourn had her cloaths made with the greateſt exactneſs, (white ſatin) and was as nice and particular in every thing, as if ſhe had been a young girl of fifteen or ſixteen, and, as the time drew near, felt her heart beat with as ſtrong a palpitation.

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The day arrived, and both bride and bridegroom made a very good appearance.

She was just forty-three, which was ten years younger than the deceased Mrs. Beesley. She was comely, of a fair complexion, and good colour in her cheek.

He was fifty-five, a jolly man, with a healthy ruddy countenance, and did not appear near so old.

Louisa and Harriot were both bride-maids, and were dressed likewise all in white.

When the ceremony was over, and they came out of the church, and got into the coach, there was a numerous crowd of spectators, who behaved very decently, and wished them joy; not one reflection passed among them, nor was the found of old maid heard, for the bride looked so smiling and smirking at the people, that she quite won their hearts.

The day was passed in mirth and festivity; and at night, Louisa told the bride, if she pleased, she would lay with Harriot that night, as she did not like to go home by herself, 'for she belongs to my family now,' said she, 'and is my cousin at least.'

When they were in bed, Louisa asked her cousin, as she called her, what she thought of being married.—'Ah! my dear,' said she, 'I think there is something very awful in it, about yet, if even I was to have your brother, I think I could keep to every article of it—I could love, honour, and obey.'

'And so could I,' says Louisa; 'that is, if Mr. Thompson never asked me to do any thing against my inclination; but,' continued she, 'we shall soon have them here again, if they keep their promise; they have been gone from us fifteen months, and I will not give them but six months more, then, Harriot, hey to church again, all in white, as we was to day.'—'Aye,' says Harriot, with a sigh, 'you may, Louisa; but as to me, I cannot tell what is the reason of it, but whenever I think of being married to Charles, something strikes me with an uncommon dread.'—

'Lord bless me!' cries Louisa, 'I have a thought just

start-

ſtarted into my head—you know your aunt is my mother-in-law now—ſuppoſe ſhe will not conſent for me to have Mr. Thompſon, what ſhall I do then? Why, I'll tell you. If it comes to that, don't you think I'll be diſappointed. No, he ſhall run away with me to Barbadoes; and I will leave father and mother, and all behind me, and ſtick to my huſband, and you may do the ſame if you will.'

When they got up in the morning, they went to wait on the bride, who received them in the higheſt good humour.

Never was ſuch an alteration in a woman—ſhe was all mirth and gaiety, talked of nothing but pleaſure and recreation, told Mr. Beefley ſhe wanted to go here and there, and ſee this thing and the other thing, which he very readily agreed to, and ſaid he would go with her wherever ſhe pleaſed. 'Aye,' ſaid ſhe, 'and ſo ſhall the girls too. We will have a whole month's pleaſure.'

Being one night at an aſſembly, a nobleman was taken by the charms of Harriot. He poſſeſſed a good heart as well as title—he was about forty, and had been married, but had buried his lady.

Harriot appeared a moſt deſirable object to make him happy; and, as he had the moſt honourable intentions, he ordered his ſervant to enquire that young lady's name, and where ſhe lived. This was ſoon learned from her aunt's footman.

The next day his lordſhip waited on her uncle and aunt in his coach and ſix.

He ſoon informed them of the occaſion of his viſit, and ſaid he would take their niece without any fortune and make her his lady; that he ſaw ſhe was beautiful, and doubted not ſhe was amiable, and deſerving of the ſtation to which he would exalt her, if they would conſent.

Mr. Beefley, who knew ſhe was engaged to his ſon Charles, told his lordſhip he left the diſpoſal of his niece to her own choice, bowed to him, and withdrew.

Mrs.

Mrs. Beeſley, on the contrary, told Lord L——ſhe was much obliged to him for the honour he intended to do her family, and was ſure Harriot would accept of his lordſhip's hand with pleaſure, as ſhe was entirely diſengaged, and had never been permitted to receive any gentleman's addreſſes. She then left his lordſhip, ſaying ſhe would ſend her niece to him.

Harriot appeared before Lord L——with a dejected countenance; for her aunt had informed her of his lordſhip's generous propoſals, and deſired her to conſider her intereſt, that a title and equipage was in her power, and hoped ſhe would accept of them.

Lord L——was ſurpriſed to ſee ſuch melancholy overſpread her charming face, and tenderly enquired the cauſe of it.

Harriot burſt into tears—Lord L——could not bear the ſight. He preſſed her to tell him the reaſon. Harriot, relying on his lordſhip's ſenſibility, freely confeſſed, without reſerve, her pre-engagement to young Beeſley, and acquainted him with her motives for hiding it from her aunt.

Lord L——heard her, and, with a nobleneſs becoming his character, told her, notwithſtanding the diſappointment ſhe had given to his hopes, he earneſtly wiſhed her happineſs, and ſaid it was in vain for him to wiſh to poſſeſs her; if he had not her heart there could be no felicity, therefore he would deſiſt from all pretentions to her, and endeavour, by reaſon, to ſtifle his paſſion.

He took leave of her, after kiſſing her hand, and left her in great emotion.

When he was gone, Harriot told her aunt ſhe had refuſed him, and begged her not to be angry. She was vexed, but ſaid ſhe might do as ſhe liked.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Forged Letter.—Mr. Beesley's Family all in Tears.—poor Harriot inconsolable.—Louisa under sad Apprehensions.

SINCE Mrs. Beesley had been married she had never been seen out of temper, therefore, though she was rather sorry her niece did not accept of Lord L——, she told her, from that time she would give her liberty to please herself, and not concern herself any more with any offer she might have.

This was joyful news to Harriot. She was transported out of herself almost; all her doubts and fears vanished; she felt nothing but the most agreeable sensations; she was now equally happy with Louisa; the dreadful bar to her felicity was removed; she expressed uncommon chearfulness—nothing was wanting but the arrival of the two lovers.

Mr. Franklin, finding the difference in Mrs. Beesley's behaviour, boldly ventured to court Harriot openly. That lady took no notice of it; but Harriot never gave him the least encouragement, telling him plainly she never would have him.

Not being able to bear his slighted love, or to endure the thoughts of giving up Harriot, he put a vile scheme in practise.

He forged a letter, as if come from Mr. Beesley, at Barbadoes, to his father, about business, and at the latter part of it, informed him that his dear nephew, Charles, was dead, owing to the grief he felt at hearing of his mother's death; that he was in so much trouble about him, that he had not power to write his brother a letter of the particulars yet, therefore desired him to acquaint him with the melancholy news.

He came in one afternoon with a pensive look, and, without speaking, put this letter into Mr. Beesley's hand.

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It was obſerved by every one, while he was reading it he changed colour and trembled, till at laſt the big tears burſt from his eyes and rolled down his cheeks; and he cried out, in the greateſt agony of grief, 'Oh, my poor boy.'

Mrs. Beeſley took the letter out of her huſband's hand, and read it aloud.

She had no ſooner pronounced Charles's death than Harriot fainted away, and fell down on the floor.

Every one ran to her aſſiſtance but Mr. Franklin, who ſneaked away, ſeeing the miſchief he had occaſioned.

It was ſome hours before they brought her to herſelf, when ſhe uttered ſuch lamentations as would pierce a heart of ſtone.

Mrs. Beeſley wondered, as ſhe knew nothing of their love; Mr. Beeſley (notwithſtanding he was in great affliction for the loſs of his ſon, and to ſee poor Harriot in that condition) informed her there was a mutual promiſe of marriage between them, and they only waited for his brother's conſent, which his ſon did not fear obtaining, when they were to come back and marry Harriot and Louiſa.

Mrs. Beeſley ſaid ſhe did not wonder it was kept from her; ſhe was very ſorry for the death of the young gentleman, and that ſhe ſhould like him for her niece better than any that had yet offered.

Every one in the houſe now wore the face of grief; but Harriot was inconſolable! ſhe railed at her fate, and wiſhed ſhe had died before ſhe heard her beloved Charles had fallen a prey to that tyrant, Death.

She refuſed all comfort, and her eyes continually flowed with tears.

Louiſa, though much affected for the loſs of a brother ſhe dearly loved, did not know but ſhe had cauſe to lament a lover too: for ſhe was fearful, (and not without reaſon) that, as Mr. Thompſon had loſt his friend, he would not come by himſelf to fulfil his en-

gagements to her, as he would not have the inducement to belong to the family.

'Louiſa!' cries Harriot, (ringing her hands) 'how often have I told you of dreads and forebodings that I could give no account for? Now it plainly appears that my genius warned me I ſhould never be happy with Mr. Beefley. Oh, thou dear engaging youth,' ſaid ſhe, taking out his picture and kiſſing it, 'how fond was you of your Harriot. Ah! no more ſhall I be bleſſed with the muſic of your enchanting tongue; but I cannot, will not, long ſurvive you.' Then her eyes ſtreamed afreſh.

At laſt, when her tears ceaſed to flow, and the fountains of her eyes were exhauſted, ſhe ſunk into a ſupineneſs and melancholy.

Mr. Franklin never went near them. He repented the deed he had done, as, inſtead of being a ſervice to him, it had been his ruin. He knew he ſhould be called to an account by young Beefley, when he came to London, and that he ſhould never be forgiven by the old gentleman and Harriot. He did not think ſhe loved Charles ſo much, but imagined ſhe might be a little ſhocked at firſt, but would ſoon forget him, and then might be brought to liſten to him, and he flattered himſelf he could ſoon bring her to marry him; when that was done he intended to take her to France, to live there till young Beefley was gone back to Barbadoes again, and if ſhe did hear afterwards he was alive, her duty to him and her virtue would ſoon ſtifle any remains of tenderneſs.

All this he had ſettled in his mind before he wrote the letter, and could not ſee the leaſt difficulty in bringing it to paſs, ſo blinded was he with his love; but now he could ſee many difficulties, and curſed his folly; he had not courage enough to go near the houſe, and, by private enquiry, found Harriot was almoſt diſtracted—he had a good mind to piſtol himſelf.

However, juſt at this time his ſiſter was married to one of his moſt intimate friends, ſo he was obliged to

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put on a cheerful countenance, though he felt ſo much torture in his heart.

Mr. Beefley wondered he did not hear from his brother; for he wanted to know the particulars of his ſon's death, and was ſurprized, likewiſe, that Mr. Franklin did not come to conſole him for his loſs, as he did when his wife died, eſpecially as he always expreſſed ſuch friendſhip for Charles. He mentioned his thoughts to his family, and ſaid, he had a good mind to write to his brother, but a letter would be ſo long going, and, perhaps there was one coming from him, ſo he would wait a little longer.

Louiſa began to be very dejected, thinking it was high time Mr. Thompſon came, if he ever intended it; however, ſhe was not ſo badly off as poor Harriot, for ſhe was ſure of never ſeeing her lover again; but Mr. Thompſon was living, and ſhe thought to herſelf while there was life there was hopes.

But we think it will not be amiſs to take leave of this unhappy family for a ſhort time, and take a trip to Barbadoes in our next chapter.

CHAP. IX.

Charles *and his Friend* Thompſon *arrive at* Barbadoes *—Converſation that paſſed there—ſome Account of the beautiful* Maria *—a large Embarkation, bound for* Mr. Beefley's, *at* London, *&c.*

A FAVOURABLE wind and quick paſſage carried Beefley and Thompſon back to Barbadoes. The uncle and father received them with joy. Mr. Beefley enquired after his brother, and Charles told him his father and mother were well, and deſired to be remembered kindly to him; he, likewiſe, gave him an account of the buſineſs he had tranſacted with Mr. Franklin,

and the friendſhip that was commenced between him and that gentleman's ſon, of all the pleaſures he had had in London, and how agreeably he had ſpent his time: he mentioned Miſs Blackbourn and her niece, and how well he had been entertained at their houſe.—His uncle was mightily pleaſed with what he told him, and Charles ſhewed him Harriot's picture.

Mr. Beeſley ſaid ſhe was a fine handſome girl; 'but I ſuppoſe' ſays he, 'the painter flattered her.—'No, indeed, ſir,' ſaid Charles, 'ſhe is far more lovely than that. Here you ſee her with one ſet look; but was you to be in her company and behold every graceful action, with the piercing glances of her bright eyes, and hear the harmony of her voice, whether ſhe ſings or ſpeaks, you would be quite in love with her.

His uncle laughed, and ſaid, 'I find, by your tranſports in ſpeaking of her, that you are in love with her, Charles; tell me the truth, is it not ſo?'

Young Beeſley then confeſſed to his uncle that they mutually loved each other; that his father had given his conſent, and he had promiſed Harriot, if he could gain his, to go back and marry her; 'and, dear ſir,' continued he, 'as you never denied any requeſt I made, I hope you will not this, which is ſo eſſential to my happineſs.'—

'Well, but,' replied the uncle, 'you have promiſed without conſidering the conſequences. The young lady may love you very well, but not ſufficient to leave her native country to live here; and I can give my conſent on no other conditions; for I cannot part with you; neither is it your intereſt to deſire it.'

Charles ſaid he was confident ſhe would comply with that.—'Well,' returned his uncle, 'I conſent.'

He then told him that Thompſon had made the ſame agreement with his ſiſter Louiſa; that the two young ladies loved each other like ſiſters, 'and you know, ſir, Thompſon and I have always been like brothers, ſo that when we are all united and ſettled here, what a happy family we ſhall be.'

The old gentleman seemed to enjoy the thoughts of it. He said he had never seen his niece. Charles told him he might see a copy of her, for Thompson had got her picture.

Mr. Beesley, being anxious to see it, and likewise to know what his old friend said to the affair, went to his house to satisfy his curiosity.

Charles now was as happy as a prince; he kissed Harriot's lips and eyes, and put her in his bosom again, and then went to settle his uncle's account books, and ride round the plantations to see if every thing was in order.

Mr. Thompson found much more difficulty in gaining his father's consent than he at first imagined.

Having always met with the greatest indulgence from him, he made no scruple of informing him of the contract between himself and Louisa, and begged he would grant his consent to his being happy with her.

While he was speaking, old Mr. Thompson appeared very grave, and, when he had done, and waited for an answer, told him he had done very wrong to engage himself so far, for that he could not comply with his desires, as he had another young lady in view for him. 'It is Maria, son,' said he—'You know I am her guardian, and that she will have twenty thousand pounds when she is of age, which will be in a few months, and I should be sorry to give up so much money to a stranger, when you might have it if you would. She was ten years old when her parents died, and you was twelve, and her father said a little before his death, he wished, if you both lived to grow up, that you might form a connection together and be married, as then his daughter would be still in his family: however, he said, he would not have ther inclinations forced.'

His son interrupted him, saying, 'if I must marry Maria, sir, my inclinations will be forced, for I can never love her, or any other woman but Louisa.'

His father replied, 'What objections can you have to Maria? She is a perfect beauty.'

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'I have nothing to ſay,' replied the young gentleman, 'againſt the young lady's perſonal charms. Few can equal her, none excel her; but as we have always been brought up together, like brother and ſiſter, I can never feel any thing more for her than friendſhip.'

His father made no anſwer to this, but went out of the room, and his ſon, with his expectations greatly damped, went out to find Beeſley.

Old Mr. Thompſon went to Maria, and, after ſome introduction, aſked her plainly if ſhe could like his ſon for a huſband.

The young lady bluſhed and anſwered, No, ſhe could not, nor any other man ſhe had ſeen yet; that ſhe had never thought any thing about love yet, but when ſhe did would be ſure to let him know!

Here the old gentleman was diſappointed again: but Mr. Beeſley coming in, they both retired into a room by themſelves, and, after talking the matter over, they came to this agreement, that the young men ſhould be at liberty to fulfil their engagements, provided the girls would agree to come and ſettle at Barbadoes.

Juſt at this time the letter arrived with the account of Mrs. Beeſley's death. Charles felt a lively ſorrow as ſhe was a tender mother to him.

Mr. Beeſley, thinking his brother would live an uncomfortable life now his wife was dead, wiſhed he could prevail on him to come and end his days there. He mentioned it to his nephew, who ſaid, 'Perhaps, ſir, if you was to go with us, he might be prevailed on to accompany you back. I know he has a great deſire to ſee you.'

Mr. Beeſley ſaid, if he could get Mr. Thompſon to go with them, they would all take a voyage together.

Maria, who had heard of the propoſal, preſſed her guardian to go, and take her with them, for ſhe wanted to ſee ſomething more of the world.

At laſt he conſented, and they appointed proper agents to manage for them in their abſence.

Maria,

Maria; with a heart full of joy, prepared all her matters with the greateſt expedition; the old gentlemen did the ſame; and the young one's hearts expanded with delight, to think how near they were poſſeſſing the dear objects of their love.

Not but what Charles felt a little check upon his ſpirits ſometimes when he thought of Harriot's aunt, little thinking he ſhould find her his mother-in-law, and her diſpoſition ſo much altered.

When every thing was ready, and the wind ſat fair, they all embarked.

Maria having never been on ſalt water before, was very ſick at firſt; but after a few days, ſhe was quite well.

Their voyage was much longer than they expected, meeting with contrary winds; but, at laſt, to their great joy, they were ſafely landed.

They proceeded to London as faſt as they could. At the inn where they ſtopped with their baggages Mr. Beefley thought it would be proper for him, Thompſon, and Maria, to ſtay, while the young gentlemen went to his brother's, to inform him of their coming, and prepare him from being over ſurpriſed, as they had not ſeen each other for thirty years, and did not expect ever to meet again in this world.

Charles and young Thompſon went on towards Mr. Beefley's houſe, thinking of their approaching happineſs, and every ſtep they advanced, their hearts throbbed.

'I wonder,' ſays young Beefley, 'what Harriot will ſay in her firſt joy to ſee me; if her aunt ſhould happen to be there, ſhe will ſoon diſcover our loves by our firſt meeting; but I do not fear ſo much, as my father and my uncle will be on my ſide.'

'Never fear, my friend,' ſays Thompſon, 'I dare ſay you will carry your point. You won't go back without your prize, nor I neither, I hope.—Come, let us chear up, for in leſs than five minuets we ſhall hold them in our arms.'

They

They now came to the ſtreet, and to the houſe where Mr. Beeſley uſed to live; for ſince he had been married, he had left that, and lived in Mrs. Beeſley's, as hers was the largeſt,

Charles knocked at the door, and a ſtrange ſervant opened it. He enquired if Mr. Beeſley was at home, but was told he lived at that houſe, pointing to Miſs Blackbourn's.

He did not know what to make of his father's living there. However, he went; but before he gains admittance we put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. X.

An Apparition in Mr. Beeſley's *Family—Sorrow gives Place to Joy—a happy Meeting of Friends—a Duel —Lord L———enamoured with the beautiful* Maria.

TIME, that changes moſt things, could not change or mitigate Harriet's grief. She ſtill continued in a profound melancholy; hardly ever ſpoke; but would ſit a quarter of an hour together, with her eyes fixed on one object; yet, at the ſame time, was loſt in thought—

———She pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

But all on a ſudden, (which was very extraordinary) ſhe ſpoke to Louiſa, as they were ſitting together one evening. 'My dear,' ſays ſhe, 'I am think-

ing

ing where I ſhall go to hide myſelf when Mr. Thompſon comes to marry you. I ſhall not be able to ſee him.'

The words were hardly out of her mouth, when the door opened, and the two young gentlemen appeared before them.

Charles was much ſurpriſed to ſee them all in black, knowing the time was expired to mourn for his mother; but he had no time for reflexion, or yet to ſpeak. He heard Harriot give a loud ſcream, and ſaw her falling out of the chair.

He ran, with the greateſt precipitation, and caught her in his arms.

'Harriot! cried he, 'my life! my ſoul! open your charming eyes, and behold your Charles. You throw me into deſpair to ſee you thus.' She juſt opened her eyes and cloſed them again, drooping her head on his ſhoulder. He preſſed his lip to hers, calling her by the moſt endearing names, till at laſt, hearing the ſound of his well known voice, ſhe lifted up her head, and looking earneſtly at him, cried out 'Gracious heavens! merciful powers! it is—it is Charles—my dear Charles Beeſley!'

She then threw her arms round his neck, and they embraced each other with great tenderneſs.

His father then came to him, and, embracing him, ſaid, 'Welcome, my dear ſon, to life again; we have mourned for you as dead this half year.'

'Dear ſir, ſaid he, 'excuſe me for not ſpeaking to you before; but my Harriot——I have never been ill ſince I left you; to be ſure I was very much grieved to hear of my mother's death, and concerned on your account; but I hope you have got over your trouble.—'Say no more about it, Charles,' replied his father, 'I am married to this lady now.'

Young Beeſley ſaluted his mother-in-law very politely, wiſhing her and his father all happineſs.

Mr. Thompſon did the ſame, and as to Louiſa, he had kiſſed and embraced her a thouſand times.

Mrs. Beesley had been much affected by the moving scene between Harriot and Charles, indeed, she had always pitied her, and been very tender to her; she told them she hoped all their troubles were over now, and that they would soon be happy; 'For never poor creature, said she, 'suffered more affliction than she has done.

Charles was delighted to hear her speak so; and as to Harriot, she was convinced her lover was alive. He held one of her hands in his, and put his other hand round her waist. Being all now pretty well recovered, Mr. Beesley gave his son the letter which had been the cause of all their sorrow. He read it, and said he could easily guess the young merchant's motives for it. He said no more about it to them. But determined in his mind to have satisfaction.

Charles had not much opportunity to speak to his sister. He went to her and kissed her, telling her she had liked to have lost Mr. Thompson, if he had not been faithful to his promise, for he had been offered a fine girl of eighteen, with twenty thousand pounds.

'Then,' returned Louisa, 'I am the more obliged to him, for sacrificing his interest to love.'

Mr. Thompson told her it was true indeed, and that she should see the young lady.

'How can that be?' says Louisa, 'have you been long in town then?'

'No, said he, 'but we brought her with us from Barbadoes.'

'Sure,' said Mrs. Beesley. And pray where is she? —'Why, said he, 'we left her with her guardian, who is my father.'

Louisa told him she should be more pleased to see his father than the young lady.

Young Beesley added, there was another person in the company. 'Who,' said he to his father, 'you will rejoice to see.'

'Who can that be, Charles?' said Mr. Beesley, 'not my brother, hardly.'

'Yes,

'Yes, ſir,' ſaid Charles, 'it is my uncle, and we came firſt to prepare you.'

'Go immediately, ſon,' ſaid he, 'and bring him to me.'

Mr. Beeſley gave orders for a ſupper and chambers to be prepared for them.

In about two hours they arrived in a hackney coach, with their trunks and boxes, and were received by all the family.

The two brothers were locked ſome moments in each others arms; they even wept till they ſobbed again with joy.

Mrs. Beeſley was then preſented to him, as his ſiſter-in-law. He ſaluted her very kindly, and ſaid, his brother had done right to marry again. Louiſa approached and knelt to him, ſaying, 'I am happy, dear uncle, to ſee you.'

He ſaluted her very tenderly.

Charles then led Harriot to him, ſaying, 'With this young lady, ſir, you have conſented to make me happy.'

The old gentleman took her by the hand and ſaluted her very politely, telling his nephew ſhe was, indeed, a lovely girl.

Old Mr. Thompſon appeared much of a gentleman, and ſaluted all the ladies in a becoming manner. He preſented his ward to them, and they received her very kindly.

When they had taken their ſeats, and had time to look about them, Maria took the attention of Mrs. Beeſley, Harriot, and Louiſa. They thought they never ſaw any thing ſo charming. She appeared like what we read of the goddeſs Flora or Hebe. She even ſurpaſſed Harriot, beautiful as ſhe was; and as to Louiſa, ſhe bluſhed to think what a formidable rival ſhe had had.

The gentleman diſcourſed on what had formerly happened, and the ladies converſation was on faſhions and the diverſions of the town. Maria ſeemed to be endowed

dowed with a great ſhare of ſenſe; but they found her mind was turned to gaiety. She ſeemed deſirous of partaking of ſome pleaſure with them, and they promiſed ſhe ſhould.

After ſupper, finding themſelves greatly fatigued, they propoſed to go to reſt. Mr. Thompſon and Mr. Beeſley choſe to lay together for company. Maria had a chamber to herſelf, and the two gentlemen lay together of courſe; as to Harriot and Louiſa they always were bed-fellows.

Charles having an opportunity to ſpeak to his friend, informed him of his reſolution to challenge Mr. Franklin for his baſe behaviour, as he could, by no means, put up with had liked to have endangered Harriot's life, and was the occaſion of great grief to his father.

Mr. Thompſon owned the young fellow ought to be brought to ſome account for it, but perſuaded him from duelling. as he might probably, inſtead of reaping any ſatisfaction from it, endanger his own life.

But as Beeſley inſiſted on it, he offered to be his ſecond. Having ſettled this, he aroſe before ſix in the morning, and wrote a challenge to Franklin which he ſent by a porter, who was to wait for an anſwer. He, having too much honour to refuſe accepting it, ſaid he would meet the gentleman at the time propoſed, which was eight o'clock in Hyde Park, to fight with piſtols, for Charles knew nothing of the ſword, but was a good marksman.

They met accordingly, and Franklin brought a gentleman for his ſecond.

Beeſley, without ſpeaking, preſented, fired, and miſſed Franklin, when Franklin immediately threw his piſtol away, and advanced to Beeſley, (the ſeconds interpoſed) asked his pardon, ſaying, he did not wonder at his reſentment, but that it was owing to love; and as he knew ſo well what that fatal paſſion was capable of inſpiring, hoped he would forgive him.

Charles gave him his hand, and the affair was made up; they then took coach in order to go to Mr. Beeſley's

ley's, as Franklin was deſirous of asking pardon there alſo.

The company had waited ſome time for breakfaſt wondering where they were, when they all four entered together.

Mr. Franklin begged their pardon, eſpecially Mr. Beeſley's and Harriot's, for the crime he had been guilty of, confeſſing it was for love of her.

As every thing had turned out ſo well at laſt, they pitied and forgave him.

Mrs. Beeſley and Harriot, when they firſt ſaw the gentleman who accompanied him, knew him to be the very perſon who had fallen in love with her at the window, and had waited on her aunt for her conſent.

He was lately married to Franklin's ſiſter. They paid a diſtant kind of reſpect to each other; but nothing was mentioned about it. After breakfaſt they parted, very good friends.

After they were gone Charles's father and uncle began to take him to task about duelling; they ſaid, a man of ſenſe would ſooner put up with an injury than revenge it in ſuch a brutal manner; that the cuſtom was a diſgrace to any nation; that it had occaſioned the greateſt misfortunes to families, and had drove many a wife and parent to diſtraction. 'What would have become of me, if I had heard the dreadful news that my ſon was murdered.'

'Or me,' cries Harriot, weeping, 'after I had ſo long mourned your death, and had the happineſs to find you alive. My troubles were all vaniſhed, and my heart had no room for any thing but joy, thinking it was out of fortune's power to cauſe me any more affliction, when the very next day you have precipitated yourſelf into danger again, that was very likely to prove fatal to you. Ah, Charles, I thought you loved me better!'

On cool reflection, young Beeſley was ſorry he had been ſo haſty, as he found Franklin repented of what he had done, and would have asked his pardon at firſt,

if

if he had gone to him, without running ſuch a terrible hazard; if he had killed him, he never would have been eaſy in his mind; and if Franklin had killed him, what were all his proſpects of worldly happineſs good for?

He declared to them he never would challenge any man again; and if he was ever challenged, he would endeavour to make it up, if poſſible, without bloodſhed, as he ſaid it was ſurpriſing one of them did not ſuffer.

After this was over they began to form parties of pleaſure, to pleaſe the gay Maria. Being ſummer time, and fine ſettled weather, they went to all the pleaſant places a few miles round London, both by land and water, and were delighted with the beautiful proſpects they beheld.

Maria was very fond of going to Vauxhall. The muſic and ſinging charmed her, beſides the gay company.

They frequently went there, and one night met with Lord L———. He joined them. The gardens were very full, and ſcores of raking gentlemen followed our three young ladies; but having ſo many to guard them, and Lord L—— being well known, none of them ventured to ſay any thing to them. His lordſhip ſeeing young Beeſley keep cloſe to Harriot, gueſſed he was the perſon ſhe was fond of, and Harriot was pleaſed he ſhould ſee him, as he was the handſomeſt man in the gardens, at leaſt ſhe thought ſo, and ſhe ſaw many ladies admire him, and ſeemed to envy her.

Lord L——— finding Harriot and Louiſa both engaged, and Maria only attended by her old guardian, eſcorted her himſelf about the gardens; and was not a little happy in conducting ſo lovely a creature that he ſaw every one admire.

Maria, hearing him ſtiled my lord, was very aſſiduous to pleaſe and entertain him with her chat. She informed him ſhe came from Barbadoes; was an orphan; that ſhe was never in England before, and ſhould like to ſtay.

His

His lordſhip grew quite enamoured of her, and when they ſat down to an elegant repaſt, ſhewed more than common politeneſs in ſerving her.

Mrs. Beeſley and the other ladies plainly ſaw his lordſhip was captivated with her charms, and did not wonder, as the moſt curious eye could not diſcover the leaſt fault in either ſhape or face.

When they ſeparated to go home, his lordſhip tenderly preſſed her hand as he led her to the coach, and bowing low to them all, ſaid, he would give himſelf the pleaſure of drinking tea with them the next day.

In the morning they all laughed at Maria, telling her, they were ſure ſhe had made a conqueſt, for that Lord L—— was certainly in love with her.

Maria laughed with them, and ſaid, ſhe hoped ſo, ſhe had always wiſhed to be a lady, but did not think ſhe ſhould. 'If it is ſo,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am come over here to ſome purpoſe; for I proteſt, ladies, I won't refuſe him, that is, with your conſent, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, bowing to her guardian.—'Oh, as to that, my dear,' ſays Mr. Thompſon, 'I won't hinder your preferment, depend on it; I have always endeavoured to make you happy, according to the promiſe I made your parents, and, I believe, you have never felt yourſelf an orphan, as I have behaved to you like a kind parent; I looked upon you as my daughter, and you would have been ſo if you had not refuſed my ſon.'

Louiſa bluſhed, and Maria replied—'I hope, ſir, your ſon will be happier with this young lady, than I could have made him.'

'I hope ſo too,' ſaid he, 'and I believe he will; I have not the leaſt fault to find with his choice; Louiſa is perfectly amiable, and has, beſides, I find, a ſweetneſs of temper, that would engage any man's affections; all that I mean is, that I had looked upon it as a thing that muſt happen of courſe, and though I was a little diſappointed, I am not ſorry for it now.'

Louiſa thanked Mr. Thompſon for the good opinion he

he entertained of her, and ſaid ſhe could not blame him, for ſuch an alliance appeared very probable.

'But, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'you ſee there is a kind of fate in marriage; for inſtance, Mrs. Beeſley was to form ſuch a ſtrong friendly connection with my father and mother, that when ſhe died my father could not be off from marrying her; then your ſon and young Mr. Beeſley, among all the various beauties the iſland of Barbadoes affords, and, no doubt, there are many, could feel their hearts touched till they beheld Harriot and myſelf, however unworthy we may be of them.

'And now again, I dare ſay Miſs Maria has preſerved her heart for the noble Lord L——. It was ſo ordered, by ſome over-ruling power, that ſhe ſhould keep herſelf entirely diſengaged in her own country, and come here to meet with what will be conducive to her happineſs.

The ladies all agreed to what Louiſa had ſaid, and Mr. Thompſon and Mr. Beeſley laughed heartily.—'Perhaps,' ſays Mr. Thompſon, 'my fate has ſent me hither to pick up a wife, for I hardly know what I came for; but as I have been a widower theſe fifteen years, I believe it will be out of the power of fate to make me marry again.'

'As to me,' ſays Mr. Beeſley, 'I never was married at all, and am now three-ſcore, and I ſhall be very difficult in my choice: I will not have an old woman, and a young woman that is any thing agreeable, and has money, won't have me, ſo, I fancy, fate intends to let me go out of the world the ſame as I have lived in it, an old bachelor.' The other Mr. Beeſley obſerved that he had often wondered that ſome people ſhould be married twice, nay, three or four times, and others not at all.

'What do you think can be the reaſon of that?' ſaid he.

Mrs. Beeſley replied, ſhe fancied thoſe people who were endowed with the moſt patience, were the oftenеſt married.

This

This created a deal of diverſion, and Mr. Thompſon ſaid, indeed that was a very neceſſary ingredient in marriage.

'Well,' ſays Maria, 'all your talk about patience ſhall not intimidate us young ones from trying the experiment.'—'Oh, by no means,' cries the gentleman. A great deal more was ſaid on the ſubject, but enough has been ſaid to fill this chapter.

CHAP. XI.

The beautiful Maria *exalted to be a Lady—Two Couples happily married, whoſe Hearts had been long united, &c. &c.*

LORD L——, from the time they parted till they met again, had never loſt the idea of Maria's perfections. He thought her the moſt charming creature that ever his eyes beheld. He had been greatly ſmitten with Harriot, and it was a good while before he could get over the diſappointment.

But Maria's beauty was not all. There was a certain ſomething of ſprightlineſs and vivacity in her temper that quite charmed him.

He waited on the ladies to tea, as he had promiſed, and they prepared to receive him. Maria had put on an elegant diſhabille, which made her appear the more charming in his eyes, than if ſhe had been full dreſſed. She had done it on purpoſe, and had taken more pains with this careleſs undreſs than if ſhe had been going to court.

After tea the company ſlipped out of the room, one at a time, on ſome pretence or other, till, at laſt Lord L—— was left alone with Maria.

His lordſhip ſaw the deſign, but was not diſpleaſed

at it, as he wiſhed for ſuch an opportunity; he made the moſt of it, and preſſed his ſuit with great earneſtneſs.

Maria, after a little pretended reluctance, gave her conſent, provided he could obtain her guardian's.

On this Lord L—— begged to have a little private conference with Mr. Thompſon. That gentleman ſoon agreed to his lordſhip's, which were very advantageous to him, as he inſiſted on taking Maria without a fortune, and whatever ſhe was to have, he would make him a preſent of, for his care in bringing her up; as to money, it was a drug to him, and he would have it underſtood, that it was love, and not intereſt that governed him.

His lordſhip received many compliments on his honourable, diſintereſted paſſion, and Maria being willing to have it conſummated before her guardian left England, agreed to Lord L——'s deſire of ſetting about it immediately.

A fine coach was to be made, beautifully painted and gilt, and Maria choſe the colour of her livery, which was to be richly laced. Her cloaths were white and ſilver, with a profuſion of jewels that his lordſhip preſented her with. In ſhort ſhe had every thing her gay heart could deſire, and far above her expectations.

Every thing being ready, they were united in marriage, and Maria, with exultation, took upon her the name and title of Lady L——. His lordſhip was likewiſe happy and perfectly adored her.

Mr. Thompſon now was very well pleaſed that he came over to England, as he kept the twenty thouſand pounds in his own family.

And now it is time for our four lovers to think of their own happineſs. All parties being agreeable, there was nothing more to wait for. A day was ſet for the celebration of their nuptials.

Old Mr. Peeſley told them he wanted to go back to Barbadoes, therefore deſired them to be as expeditious as poſſible.

The

The young ladies had willingly agreed to leave their native kingdom, and Mr. and Mrs. Beeſley agreed to accompany them, ſaying, how happy they ſhould be to live together.

Harriot and Louiſa were extremely well pleaſed at their agreeing to go, for they had felt ſome regret to think of parting.

Nothin was now ſeen among them but gener l joy; and preparations were made, with the utmoſt expeditions, for their weddings. Charles and young Thompſon were in tranſports. Harriot and Louiſa felt a trembling kind of joy.

As Maria was dreſſed in white and ſilver, they choſe the ſame dreſs, and by preſents made them by their lovers and the old gentlemen, appeared almoſt as ſplendid as ſhe did. They had paid a viſit to Lady L——, and ſhe and her lord had returned it.

And hearing the day was fixed, his lordſhip inſiſted on their having a wedding dinner at his houſe.

When they entered the church, Chhrles led his charming Harriot to the altar, covered with bluſhes and ſweet confuſion.

Young Thompſon did the ſame with his Louiſa. They were married in the preſence of a numerous crowd of ſpectators, who all bleſſed the charming pairs, and ſaid they never ſaw two more amiable couples joined.

They returned in the ſame order as they went, and proceeded to Lord L——'s houſe.

As ſoon as they got in, Lady L—— embraced both the brides, and wiſhed them as much happineſs as ſhe enjoyed.

Nothing but joy and good wiſhes were echoed from every mouth. The two bridegrooms embraced their brides with ardour and appeared in extacies.

Nothing could ſurpaſs the elegance of the entertainment his lordſhip had provided; and the day was paſſed in great mirth and chearfulneſs.

In proper time they returned home to Mr. Beeſley's,

and the two brides having kiſſed each other, parted beds, to make room for bedfellows, who had long waited for their happineſs.

Lord and Lady L—— very kindly came to ſee them next day, and, by their agreeable converſation, diverted that little kind of baſhfulneſs which makes young married people appear aukward.

The diſcourſe turned laſt on their going to leave England, and Lady L—— ſaid, ſhe ſhould be very ſorry to part with them, but that ſhe had not the leaſt inclination to return to Barbadoes, and did not care if ſhe never ſaw it any more, for that London was full of charms for her.

'Aye,' replied his lordſhip, 'you will find ſome charms at my ſeat in the countr.—'I don't know, my lord,' returned ſhe, 'but I was never fond of the country. Plays, operas, balls, and maſquerades, ſuit my ideas of pleaſure; as to ſtill life I can't endure it.'

Young Mrs. Beeſley differed from Lady L—— in that. She ſaid ſhe delighted in rural ſimplicity, and ſhould more ſo now ſhe had got a companion to walk with her ſometimes in the evening, and diſcourſe on the beauties of nature.

'Oh, you dull thing,' replies Lady L——, 'give me life and gaiety, noiſe, routs, drums, and ſuch things that fill my heart with tumultuous joy.'

They paſſed the whole day and evening in free and agreeable converſation, and after ſupper Mrs. Beeſley and Mrs. Thompſon entertained them with muſic and ſinging.

Lord and Lady L—— had never heard them before, and were quite charmed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Preparations to leave England—*Sequel of the Hiſtory of* Amelia Willis *and Mr.* Townley—*Parting from Lord and Lady L——, and Arrival at* Barbadoes—*ſeveral Deaths—A happy Concluſion.*

AS they intended to leave England the next week, there was no time to loſe. Preparations were made for their departure. Mr. Beeſley ſold his coach and horſes. The furniture, plate, &c. was ſold by auction. As to his money affairs, he took a conſiderable ſum with him, and the reſt was left in proper hands, that he might draw for whatever he wanted.

Young Mrs. Beeſley was buſy in packing up her things, when a ſervant informed her a lady, in a coach, of the name of Townley, deſired to ſpeak to her

Mrs. Beeſley recollected the name, but did not know any lady called ſo; however, ſhe deſired ſhe might be conducted in.

The lady as ſoon as ſhe entered embraced Mrs. Beeſley in tranſports, ſaying, 'Rejoice with me, my dear Miſs Fairfax, I am happily married to my dear Mr. Townley at laſt.'

Mrs. Beeſley immediately remembered her to have been Miſs Amelia Willis.

She told her ſhe was heartily glad to hear it, and aſked her how it came about.

'Why,' returned the lady, 'as you know the firſt part of my ſtory you may as well be made acquainted with the laſt, though, perhaps, I may meet with your cenſure.'

'Finding Mr. Townley was actually going abroad, I could not bear to part with him; ſo I purchaſed a genteel ſuit of boy's cloaths, and let my hair flow on my ſhoulders. Thus equipped I went to him, and gaining admittance, told him that my parents were dead, and that I had no friends that regarded me; that I was deſirous

desirous of going abroad, and hearing he was going, and what a worthy character he bore, should be happy if he would take me, and I would do any thing I was capable of to serve him.

'Mr. Townley was struck with my first appearance. He said it was a pity such a pretty youth should be friendless; that he was provided with servants, and I did not look as if I could do much; however he would take me, and should find some little matters to employ me in.

'To be brief, I attended him through France, Spain, Italy, and many other places on the continent, and should have been happy in my own shape to see so many curiosities, but was fearful of a discovery of my sex.

'For several months after our first setting out I heard him frequently, in a low voice, mention your name with a sigh.

'This was daggers to my fond heart, but I was obliged to hear it.

'But soon after he met with some English gentlemen, and by joining in their amusements, and viewing every thing that was worthy of notice, his fruitless passion wore off by degrees; he grew chearful; and after we had been abroad two years, he took it in his head to return home with some company he had commenced a friendship with.

'When we came to Paris I was suddenly taken ill with a fever, and pronounced in great danger. In this distress I was obliged to make confidants of my doctor and nurse who promised secresy.

'After Mr. Townley had waited a fortnight for my recovery (for he was tender to me always) he said he could stay no longer, as the gentlemen were impatient to be gone.

'I immediately fell a weeping bitterly as I found all my labour would be in vain if he parted from me.

'Frederick, says he, (for that was the name I called myself) 'don't grieve, I am extremely sorry to leave you.'

As

'As ſoon as he left the room I fainted away. My nurſe ran down ſtairs after him, and deſired to ſpeak with him, when ſhe informed him I was not a boy, but a young lady who had followed him for love.

'Mr. Townley, in the greateſt ſurpriſe, came back into my room, and approached the bed, looked earneſtly at me. Good God, he cries, can it be? Are you not my Amelia?'

'I anſwered, in a low voice, yes. He took my hand and kiſſed it, ſaying, had I known my beloved Amelia was here I ſhould not have been in ſo much haſte to be gone, as my reaſons for going was to ſee you and fulfil my promiſe.

'As the nurſe was let into our affairs, he gave her money to purchaſe cloaths for me, and, embracing me again, ſaid, My deareſt Amelia has proved her love and fidelity to one who has uſed her cruelly; but I hope ſhe will forget what is paſt, and I faithfully promiſe you, as ſoon as we ſet our feet on Engliſh ground I will marry you.'

'This happy turn, beyond my expectations, was my cure. My fever left me, and I recovered my ſtrength very ſoon.

'We left Paris, and arrived in England, when Mr. Townly was as good as his word. When we were married we came to London, and the firſt thing I did was to enquire after my mother, and found her living, who was rejoiced to ſee me.'

Mrs. Beefley ſincerely congratulated Mrs. Townley on her good fortune; ſaid ſhe had ſuffered enough, and deſerved it.

The two ladies took leave of each other, with mutual good wiſhes of felicity; and Mrs. Beefley gave an account to her aunt and Mr. Thompſon of what ſhe had juſt heard.

The two ladies were agreeably ſurpriſed and pleaſed, and ſaid ſhe had a great deal of reſolution as well as love to undertake ſuch an enterpriſe.

And

And now the hour arrived that they must bid adieu to their native country, and seek for happiness in each other's society.

Lord and Lady L—— embraced every one of them severally, which they returned, and a farewell tear was dropped from them all when they parted.

They met with good winds and pleasant gales, which made their voyage shorter than they expected.

Old Mr. Beesley died two years after his return, and left his nephew immensely rich.

His brother survived him a year. His widow followed in six months.

Our two happy couples lived many years in the greatest felicity: they were blessed with a numerous offspring, and enjoyed an uninterrupted state of calmness and serenity: their bountiful hearts enlarged to relieve the distresses of their fellow creatures, which made them beloved by every inhabitant of the place.

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